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DARKMAN™
Enter A Theatre Of Madness

EXTERIOR -- WATER-FRONT -- DAY.
HERE THEY COME.
WHO'S HE T'INK HE IS, TRYIN' TA PUSH ME AROUND, Huh? HE T'INK HE'S SOMEBODY ANY MORE? WELL, HE AIN'T!
Heh. HE ASKED FOR THIS MEET -- BUT HE AIN'T GONNA LIKE IT, HEY, CARLO?
RIGHT. SCARS.
HE'S HERE.
FINE, GREAT. FRISK 'EM!
WE DON'T WANT US NO SURPRISES. Heh -- UNLESS WE'RE DEALIN'EM OUT OURSELVES.
AFTERNOON, SCARS. BEEN A WHILE.
Yeah, SAME T' YOU, PAL.
HE'S CLEAN.

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YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE, SCARS. THE WATERFRONT IS MY TERRITORY--
--I'M TAKING IT BACK.
I'VE GOT JUST THREE THINGS TO SAY TO THAT, SCARS.
ONE--DURANT IS DEAD. TWO--I DON'T LIKE TO HEAR HIS NAME. THREE--
YEAH, YEAH. AN' I KNOW WHY YA DON'T LIKE TO HEAR IT, NEITHER!
I HEAR HE CHOPPED ALL YER FINGERS OFF WIT' HIS CIGAR TRIMMER!
Heh. WHAT'DJA DO, PAL--
--GET 'EM FIXED?
AND THREE--
Heh. YEAH, RIGHT.
ROBERT G. DURANT GIMME THIS TERRITORY PERSONAL, PAL--AN' I'M KEEPIN' IT.
YA GOT THAT?
BLAM BLAM
Hehh
Huhh
--NOBODY MAKES FUN OF EDDIE BLACK, SCARS.
ESPECIALLY A JERK LIKE YOU.

HE -- HE'S DEAD!
BUT HOW--?
IT'S LIKE YOUR BOSS SAID, CARLO.
MY HANDS...
... I GOT 'EM FIXED.
BLAM BLAM
THAT'S EDDIE'S SIGNAL!
RIGHT! THE SKANKS WOULDN'T DEAL --
--SO THE SKANKS GOTTA DIE!!
KRAKAKRAK KTOW KTOW
THE WATERFRONT ECHOES WITH GUNFIRE AND THE SHOUTS OF DYING MEN.
BUT THIS IS A BIG CITY--

--AND IT'S HEARD A LOT OF ECHOES.
A FEW MORE DON'T MATTER.
PEYTON?
PEYTON -- IF YOU'RE HERE, SHOW YOURSELF!
IT'S NOT LOCKED. JULIE HASTINGS DOESN'T KNOW IF THAT'S A GOOD SIGN OR A BAD ONE.
SHE ONLY KNOWS SHE'S BEEN SEARCHING FOR WEEKS, AND THERE HASN'T BEEN A TRACE OF HIM.
PEYTON, PLEASE! ARE YOU HERE?
I THOUGHT-- SINCE THE FACTORY YOU WERE LIVING IN BLEW UP, YOU MIGHT --
PEYTON, I LOVE YOU! I WANT YOU BACK!
I DON'T CARE ABOUT --ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU! I WANT TO SHARE MY LIFE WITH YOU!
I GOT A NEW JOB, DID YOU KNOW? I JUST COULDN'T STAY ON AT THE FIRM.
I'M WORKING AT A HOSPITAL NOW, PEYTON. I'M --
Oh, WHAT'S THE USE? I'VE LOOKED IN EVERY ABANDONED BUILDING IN TOWN!
I'LL NEVER FIND HIM!

JULIE...
HE HAS TRIED SO HARD NOT TO THINK OF HER.
Dark Obsession
A DESCENT INTO MADNESS BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
DARKMAN CREATED BY: SAM RAIMI
KURT BUSIEK WRITER
JAVIER SALTARES PENCILER
ANDREW PEPOY INKER
STEVE MATTSSON COLORIST
RICHARD STARKINGS LETTERER
FABIAN NICIEZA EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

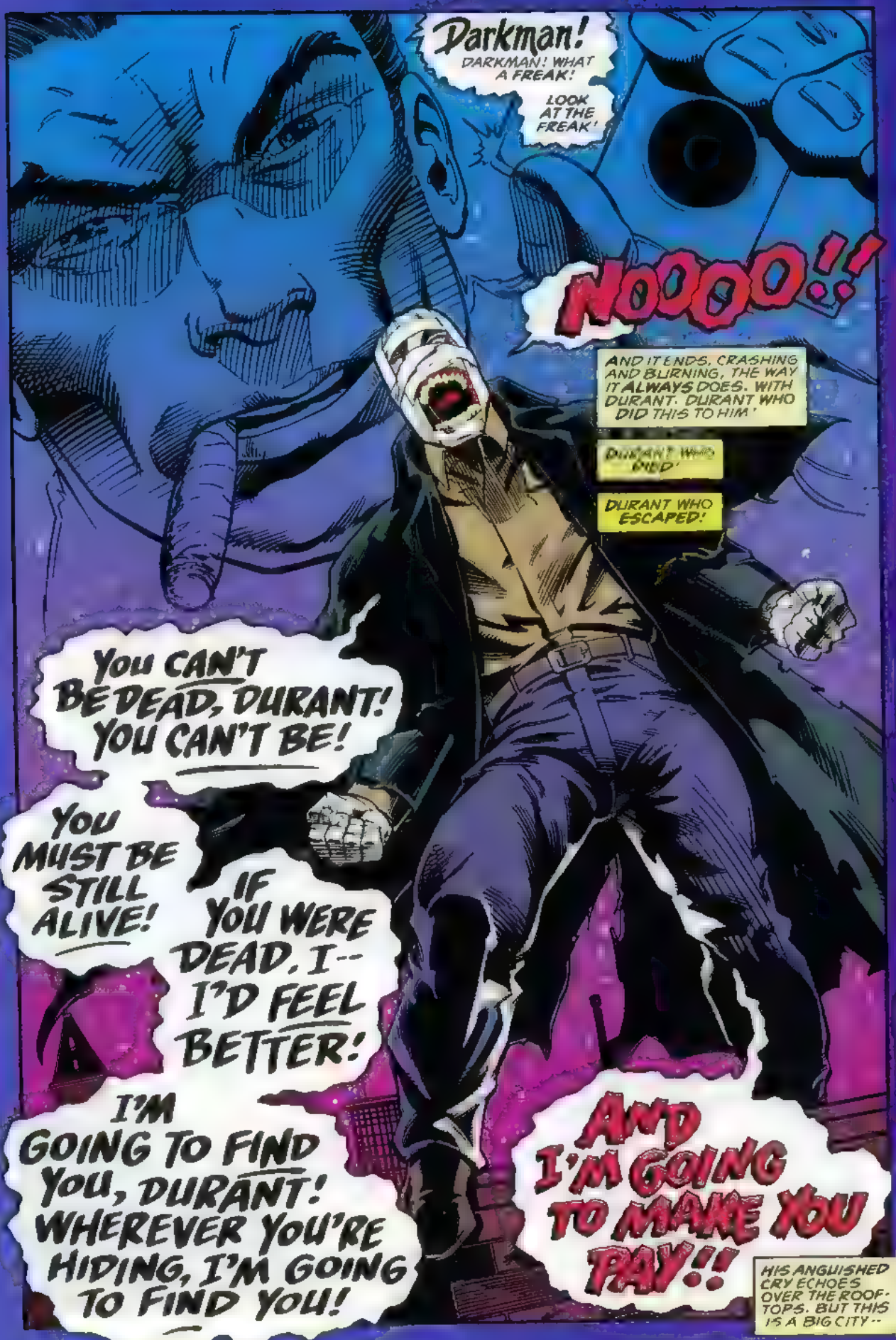
IT ALL COMES BACK NOW. HE TRIES TO STOP IT, BUT IT BREAKS FREE. A KALEIDOSCOPE OF MEMORIES, OF SHATTERED PIECES OF HIS PAST.
IT STARTS SLOW, LIKE IT ALWAYS DOES. IT LETS THE GOOD MEMORIES DANCE BEHIND HIS EYES, MOCKING HIM, LAUGHING AT HIM.
HE HAD JULIE...
WHY THE LONG FACE, KIDDO? NOTHING I DID, I HOPE?
OF COURSE NOT. IT'S JUST -- THESE MEMOS, FROM STRACK TO A CLAUDE BELLASARIOUS ON THE ZONING COMMISSION.
THEY LOOK LIKE PAYOFFS.
...SHE HAD HER WORK, AND HE HAD HIS, AND LIFE WAS SWEETER THAN HE KNEW...
THE ARTIFICIAL SKIN STILL WON'T LAST PAST NINETY-NINE MINUTES IN THE LIGHT! WHAT ARE WE MISSING, PEYTON?
I DON'T KNOW, YAKITITO. BUT IT'S OUT THERE -- I CAN TASTE IT.
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SOLVE THIS ONE LAST THING --
--AND WE'LL BE ABLE TO REPLACE DAMAGED SKIN TISSUE -- BASED ON NOTHING BUT A PHOTOGRAPH!
AND THEN THE NIGHTMARE! ALWAYS -- ALWAYS THE RED, ANGRY NIGHTMARE!
NO FOOLISH HEROICS, IF YOU PLEASE.
WE HAVE COME ONLY FOR DOCUMENTS. TELL US WHERE TO FIND THE BELLASARIOUS MEMORANDUM AND WE SHALL DISAPPEAR...
CIGAR TRIMMER!
CIGAR TRIMMER!
NO, NO -- THAT WAS LATER...

DURANT DIDN'T CHOP OFF YAKITITO'S FINGERS UNTIL AFTER HIS MEN MURDERED HIM...
YOU SEE? RESISTANCE ONLY PROMPTS ACTS OF POINTLESS CRUELTY. AND WHEN IT COMES TO SENSELESS DEATH--
--YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO STOP AT JUST ONE.
FOR GOD'S SAKE-- NO!
...UNTIL AFTER HIS MEN MURDERED THEM BOTH!
WHAT IS THIS STUFF?
I DUNNO.
BUT LOOK AT HIM SIZZLE!
FIRE AND PAIN AND DEATH AND A SPIRAL DOWN TO BLACKNESS.
BUT IT'S ALL JUST A TEASE.
THEY COULD HAVE LEFT HIM THERE. BUT NO.
THEY COULD HAVE LEFT HIM DEAD.

INSTEAD, THEY BROUGHT HIM BACK.
WE HAD TO SEVER HIS NERVES WITHIN THE SPINO-THALMIC TRACT--
--HE NO LONGER FEELS PAIN.
BUT THERE ARE SIDE EFFECTS.
HIS EMOTIONS ARE AMPLIFIED, GIVING RISE TO ALIENATION--
LONELI-NESS...
UNCONTROLLED RAGE.
SURGES OF ADRENALINE FLOW UNCHECKED THROUGH THE BODY, GIVING HIM AUGMENTED STRENGTH.
NATURAL LY, WE HOPE FOR FULL RECOV ERY--
SHE STUCK HIM WITH A PIN, AND IT DIDN'T HURT. IT DIDN'T HURT AT ALL.
--BUT, PERSONALLY, I GIVE HIM A NINE ON THE BUZZARD SCALE.
DR WEST
I WASN'T UNTIL LATER-- AFTER HE'D ESCAPED THAT THE PAIN BEGAN.
JUUU-LIEEE
ISS MEEEE
BUT THEN-- THEN IT HURT A LOT.
N-NO! STAY AWAY--
STAY AWAY!
THE JAGGED IMAGES BLUR NOW, SUCKING HIM INTO THEIR UNDERTOW OF PAIN, FEAR AND ANGER. HE GIVES IN TO IT -- GIVES IN TO THE ROLLERCOASTER--
--GIVES IN TO THE AVALANCHE -- THE VOLCANO -- THE MAELSTROM!
THEY'D TAKEN HIS FACE -- HIS HANDS -- HIS LIFE! AND HE WANTED REVENGE.
REVENGE!

DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS IN A DRAWN-OUT SCREAM OF BLOOD AND TORTURED METAL.
I-I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING!
I KNOW YOU HAVE--
-- BUT LET'S PRETEND YOU HAVEN'T!
--DOWN--
--USING HIS SKIN SYNTHESIZER TO IMPERSONATE DURANT'S MEN--
--OBEYING THE COLD FLAME THAT DRIVES HIM TO HURT -- TO KILL -- TO DO THINGS PEYTON WESTLAKE COULD NEVER HAVE STOMACHED --
--AND THEN UP AGAIN -- HIS OWN FACE RE-CREATED--
--HIS OWN LIFE BACK!
JULIE, IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M BACK.
Oh, PEYTON, IT'S LIKE A DREAM...
CAL HAMILTON
RICHARD ALAN
CHRIS FRANCIS
BUT IT WAS JUST A CRUEL HOAX -- A NINETY-NINE MINUTE HOAX --
PEYTON -- WAIT!
--HE WASN'T PEYTON WESTLAKE -- HE WAS A FREAK -- A MONSTER--
-- AND ALL THE FAKE SKIN IN THE WORLD COULDN'T HIDE THAT -- THE FREAK WOULD EAT THROUGH --
--THE FREAK--
THE FREAK!

AND UP AND DOWN AND DOWN AGAIN!
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS AND INTO HELL! EXPRESS NO LOCAL STOPS
IT WAS DURANT WHO AWAKENED THE FREAK/ MONSTER/ FREAK
DURANT WHO BIRTHED HIM
DURANT WHO--
DURANT WHO DIED
DEAD DEAD LOST GONE AT PEACE
THEY ALL DIED. ALL OF THEM. DIED AND LEFT HIM ALONE
STILL ALIVE. STILL A MONSTER
STILL A FREAK
PEYTON DON'T GO. STAY WITH ME.
PEYTON IS GONE. CALL ME


Darkman!
DARKMAN! WHAT A FREAK!
LOOK AT THE FREAK!
NOOOO!!
AND IT ENDS, CRASHING AND BURNING, THE WAY IT ALWAYS DOES. WITH DURANT. DURANT WHO DID THIS TO HIM!
DURANT WHO DIED!
DURANT WHO ESCAPED!
YOU CAN'T BE DEAD, DURANT! YOU CAN'T BE!
YOU MUST BE STILL ALIVE!
IF YOU WERE DEAD, I-- I'D FEEL BETTER!
I'M GOING TO FIND YOU, DURANT! WHEREVER YOU'RE HIDING, I'M GOING TO FIND YOU!
AND I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU PAY!!
HIS ANGUISHED CRY ECHOES OVER THE ROOFTOPS. BUT THIS IS A BIG CITY--

AND ECHOES ARE ONLY ECHOES
THIS IS BRIONNE DESANTOS FOR WDMC NEWS
I'M STANDING IN FRONT OF THE EXCLUSIVE METROPOLITAN CLUB, WHERE PICKETERS ARE PROTESTING THE CLUB'S MEN-ONLY POLICY.
THE CLUB'S CHARTER, WRITTEN IN 1790, CALLS IT A MEETING PLACE FOR ALL WHO DESIRE TO HELP OUR CITY GROW AND [redacted]...
--BUT SOME NOW SAY THE CLUB HAS BECOME A WALLED HAVEN WHERE THE CITY'S NOT-SO SECRET RULERS MAKE DIRTY DEALS AND LINE THEIR OWN POCKETS.
WHATEVER THE CASE, THE PROTESTERS HERE TODAY SAY THE CLUB'S POLICIES ARE EXCLUSIONARY AND ILLEGAL.
POLICE COMMISSIONER SANFORD LOWELL, THE CLUB'S CURRENT CHAIRMAN, DECLINED TO COMMENT.
DOWN WITH THE OLD BOY NETWORK
MORE OF THEM TODAY THAN YESTERDAY, LOWELL.
LET THEM RANT, CAVENDISH.
AS LONG AS THEY'RE SHOUTING ABOUT SOMETHING THAT'S ALREADY PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE--
--IT DISTRACTS OTHERS FROM THOSE MATTERS BEST KEPT PRIVATE.

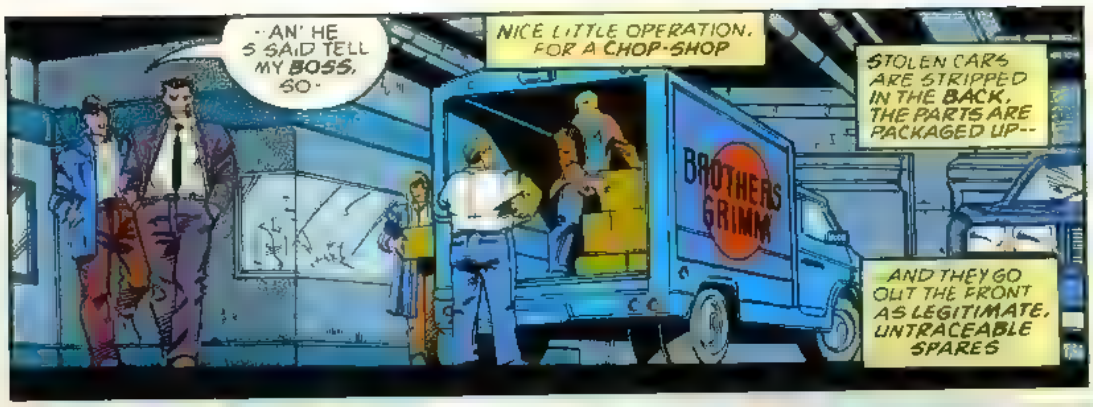
BUT ON TO BUSINESS.
BUSHMILL -- YOU HAVE THE LATEST FROM NORTH BAY..?
RIGHT HERE, COMMISSIONER LOWELL
UP ELEVEN PER CENT FOR THE WEEK PHARMACEUTICALS ARE RALLYING SLOWLY, AND ESCORT SERVICES ARE BOOMING
EXCELLENT, WALKER. THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR NEXT?
FACTORY HILL, DOWN TWO PER CENT. A LITTLE UNION TROUBLE THERE, BUT NOTHING ANGELI CAN'T HANDLE
I'M SURE HE'LL BE FINE. NEXT?
THE WATER FRONT, UP SIXTY-SEVEN PER CENT. EDDIE BLACK SENDS HIS REGARDS
DOES HE REALLY..?
MY DEAR BELLASARIOUS, DID YOU HEAR THAT?
AND YOU WERE OPPOSED TO OUR BACKING MR. BLACK. IT SEEMS YOU AND THE LATE MR. DURANT MADE AN ERROR IN JUDGMENT, DOESN'T IT?
YES SANFORD
.. IT SEEMS WE DID

DARKMAN HAS BEEN HERE BEFORE.
BUT THAT WAS BEFORE DURANT WAS HIDING --
-- BEFORE HE WAS PRETENDING TO BE DEAD, PRETENDING THAT HIS HOUSE HAD BEEN CLOSED UP PENDING PROBATE
HE'S NOT FOOLING ANYONE
MAYBE HE LEFT SOMETHING BEHIND
SOME CLUE TO HIS CURRENT WHEREABOUTS
WHAT--?!
DURANT'S COLLECTION. OF ALL THE TWISTED --
THAT RING.
-- THAT'S YAKITITO'S RING!
TWO JAGGED SHARDS THEN, FAST AND DEEP:
YAKITITO LAUGHING AT PEYTON, BUGGING HIM TO PROPOSE TO JULIE
YAKITITO GASPING FOR AIR, A PLASTIC BAG OVER HIS FACE AND A GUN TO HIS HEAD

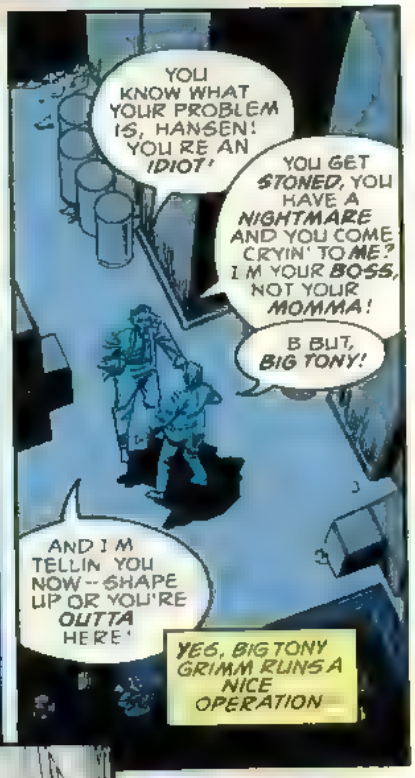
NO!
KSSSSH
I'M ON TO YOU, DO YOU HEAR ME?!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, DURANT!
I'M ON TO YOU!
DARKMAN HAS BEEN HERE BEFORE TOO
THESE ROOFS HAVE BEEN HIS PURGATORY OF LATE A BLEAK CHEERLESS PLACE TO WALLOW IN THE EMPTINESS OF HIS LIFE.
TONIGHT, HOWEVER, HE STALKS THESE ROOFS WITH A PURPOSE.
TONIGHT, HE'S HUNTING
An

SPIV HANSEN ALWAYS TAKES THE LONG WAY HOME - TO MAKE SURE NO ONE'S FOLLOWING HIM.
AND HE MAKES SURE TO CHECK THE ALLEYS FOR SUSPICIOUS SHADOWS.
EVER SINCE THAT DAY DURANT SENT HIM AND A BUNCH OF THE BOYS AFTER THAT CREEPY GUY
HE'S BEEN A LITTLE NERVOUS ABOUT SHADOWS.
IT MAKES HIM FEEL LIKE WHEN HE WAS A KID. WHEN HE THOUGHT THERE WERE MONSTERS IN HIS BEDROOM CLOSET--
--AND HIS DAD LOCKED HIM IN IT ALL NIGHT TO PROVE THERE WEREN'T.
MAN, WAS THAT EVER A LONG--
WAIT A MINUTE--
DID THAT DOOR JUST MOVE?
IT COULDN'T HAVE.
HE ALWAYS SHUTS HIS CLOSET DOOR. SHUTS AND LOCKS--
COME ON M, KID

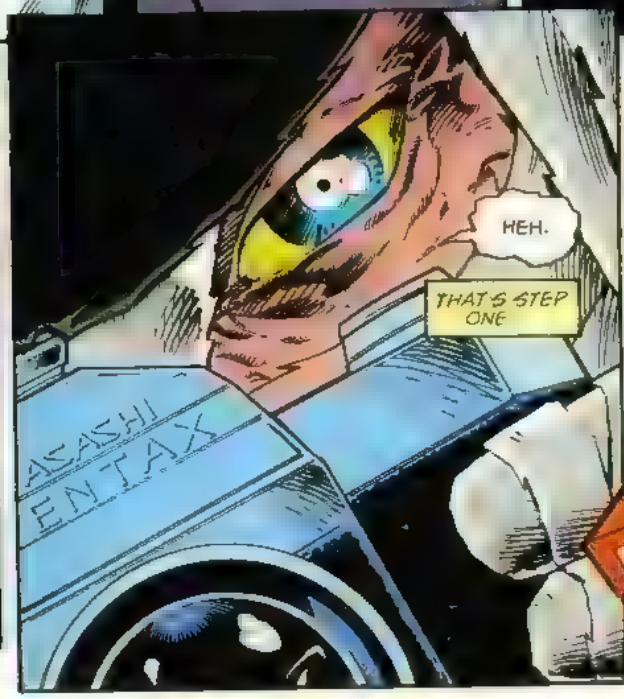
--IT'S NICE AND DARK IN HERE!!
I REMEMBER YOU KID! YOU THOUGHT I WOULDN'T, DIDN'T YOU?
BUT I REMEMBER EVERYBODY EVERY-BODY!
PUH PLEASE!
TELL YOUR BOSS KID! TELL HIM I'M ONTO HIM!
TELL DURANT THAT DARKMAN IS COMING FOR HIM
BUT
TELL HIM!
I'M BACK
UHH!
BUT DURANT'S DEAD
HE ALWAYS KNEW THERE WERE MONSTERS IN THE CLOSET

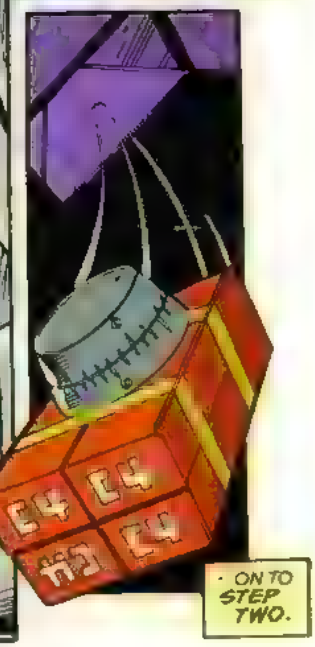

· AN' HE S SAID TELL MY BOSS, SO ·
NICE LITTLE OPERATION. FOR A CHOP-SHOP
STOLEN CARS ARE STRIPPED IN THE BACK, THE PARTS ARE PACKAGED UP--
BROTHERS GRIMM
AND THEY GO OUT THE FRONT AS LEGITIMATE, UNTRACEABLE SPARES

BUT DURANT'S DEAD.
I KNOW THAT, BIG TONY AN YOU KNOW THAT -- BUT THIS DARKMAN GUY, HE --
AH. SHADDUP!


YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS, HANSEN! YOU RE AN IDIOT!
YOU GET STONED, YOU HAVE A NIGHTMARE AND YOU COME CRYIN' TO ME? I M YOUR BOSS, NOT YOUR MOMMA!
B BUT, BIG TONY!
AND I M TELLIN YOU NOW -- SHAPE UP OR YOU'RE OUTTA HERE!
YES, BIG TONY GRIMM RUNS A NICE OPERATION

· AND DARKMAN WOULD NEVER HAVE FOUND IT IF SPIV HADN'T LED HIM RIGHT TO IT
CLIK WHERE
CLIK WHERE


HEH.
THAT S STEP ONE
ASASHI PENTAX


· ON TO STEP TWO.

KWA-DA-BOOM
WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
A A BOMB
SOMEBODY BOMBED US.
YOU THINK THE KID WAS RIGHT?
THAT THIS DARK-MAN..
THAT HE'S AFTER DURANT?
WHAT KIND OF A NUT--?
Ah, I GOT NO IDEA WHAT'S GOIN ON. ALL I KNOW IS--
WE BETTER CHECK IN ON THIS ONE.
DARKMAN CHUCKLES MIRTHLESSLY AS THE RATS SCATTER.
THE HEAD RAT IS THE ONE TO FOLLOW--
THE ONE WHO'LL LEAD HIM TO THE BIGGER RATS.

BIG TONY GRIMM SCURRIES TO A A GAMBLING DEN, BUT DURANT IS NOT THERE, EITHER.
KA-BAAM
HA HA HA HA HA
SCATTER, VERMIN. RUN FOR YOUR HOLES! FOR YOUR LIVES!
THE ONE IN BLUE IS GIVING THE ORDERS. HE MUST BE THE HEAD RAT HERE
DARKMAN WATCHES HIM RUN
RINNG
BLACK HERE.
Ah, COMMISSIONER LOWELL. I WAS JUST POLISHING A THING OR TWO. TO WHAT DO I OWE THE PLEASURE?
NICE OF YOU TO BE CONCERNED, BUT IT'S UNDER CONTROL. MY MEN AND I WILL HANDLE IT.
YES, I'M SURE I DON'T NEED ANY HELP. THIS IS EDDIE BLACK YOU'RE TALKING TO.
-AND EDDIE BLACK CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!

THEY WERE WAITING FOR HIM AT THE LOANSHARKING OPERATION.
IT DIDN'T HELP THEM.
TELL HIM!
TELL HIM HE CAN'T HIDE FROM ME!
HE CAN'T HIDE FROM DARKMAN!
METROPOLITAN · CLUB
I'M SURE YOU CAN, EDDIE I'M SURE YOU CAN.
JUST REMEMBER, THE METROPOLITAN CLUB ALWAYS STANDS READY TO SERVE THE SMALL BUSINESS-MAN.
AND IF YOU NEED POLICE ASSISTANCE AGAINST THIS "DARKMAN," WELL - WE SERVE AND PROTECT. YOU HAVE BUT TO CALL
DARK MAN
SKTCH
NERVOUS CLAUDE?
HOW UNLIKE YOU.

GO AHEAD, SANFORD. STICK THE NEEDLE IN.
IF THIS FREAK IS THE SAME ONE THAT KILLED DURANT...
YOUR NAME IS ON ONE OF THOSE MEMOS?
HE MIGHT COME AFTER YOU? IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE THINKING?
DON'T WORRY, CLAUDE. AS I TOLD MR. BLACK - THE METROPOLITAN CLUB TAKES CARE OF ITS OWN.
DOES IT?
I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE CLUB AS YOUR OWN PRIVATE PLAY-GROUND --
-- AND YOU'RE WILLING TO DISREGARD ANYTHING THAT THREATENS US AS LONG AS YOU GET TO PLAY YOUR LITTLE GAMES.
MEN'S CLUB
NO!
AH-AH, CLAUDE! WE DON'T TALK ABOUT THAT -!
YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT BY NOW.
WHA-FOOM
AND THEY RUN. THEY ALL RUN.
WHICH ONE SHALL HE FOLLOW FROM HERE --?

DOCTOR WEST. PLEASE YES, I'LL HOLD.
AH, HERMIONE. BELLASARIOUS HERE.
LOWELL'S GETTING OUT OF HAND. IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO TAKE ACTION SOONER THAN I THOUGHT.
HOW'S OUR FRIEND?
THERE'S BEEN NO CHANGE I'LL CALL YOU IF--
MURNAU SPRANG MEDICAL CENTER
LOOK-- I SYMPATHIZE.
THAT'S NOT GOOD. ISN'T THERE SOMETHING--
BUT I'VE GOT AN INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT WAITING FOR ME CHEMICAL CONTAMINATION LIKELY BRAIN DAMAGE--REAL JUICY STUFF.
YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW OUR "FRIEND" IS?
HE'S A CHARRED SLAB OF BEEF
AND THE MINUTE I THINK OF SOMETHING MORE PROMISING THAN BASTING HIM WITH A-1 SAUCE...
I'LL BE IN TOUCH.
CLK
NOK NOK
DOCTOR COE? I'M JULIE HASTINGS-- I JUST JOINED THE LEGAL DEPARTMENT...
FABULOUS! PLEASE-- COME IN. AND MAKE IT DONALD OKAY?

THE REASON I'M HERE-- YOUR ENDOCRINOLOGY RESEARCH HAS SOME NEW LEGAL REPERCUSSIONS WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE WE'RE INSURED FOR.
MR. TAPERT ASKED ME TO CHECK IN WITH YOU - FAMILIARIZE MYSELF WITH THE WORK IN QUESTION. CAN YOU SPARE SOME TIME?
OF COURSE. MY BRAIN -- AND ITS CONTENTS - ARE AT YOUR SERVICE.
BUT IT'S KIND OF CLUTTERED IN THERE. AND MIGHT TAKE A WHILE TO SORT OUT
PERHAPS IF WE DID THIS OVER DINNER--?
JULIE HASTINGS HASN'T SMILED IN A LONG TIME, SHE REALIZES. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT DONALD COE--
WHY THAT WOULD
SOMETHING THAT REMINDS HER OF
REMINDS HER OF
WOULD BE
RUN, VERMIN RUN!
UH
SHE KNOWS WHO HE REMINDS HER OF.
UH. EXCUSE ME--
THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO--
UH
I'LL GET BACK TO YOU ABOUT THAT - THAT--
LATER.

NOW WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
ALMOST THERE.
HE KNOWS IT. HE CAN FEEL IT.
THE RATS ARE GROUPING TOGETHER FOR PROTECTION.
AND WHERE THEY'RE CORNERED · WHERE THEY TURN AND FIGHT -- YES...
. THAT'S WHERE HE'LL BE.
THERE'LL BE A LOT MORE OF THEM THIS TIME. YES. WAITING. READY FOR ME.
BUT WILL THEY BE READY FOR..
THEMSELVES?
digitiZATION complete
READY
for sSYNthesis.
THEMSELVES. YES. THEIR FACES.
TAK
EXECUTE.

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR THIS, COFFEY I SENT YOU OUT TO FIND THIS DARK-MAN AND WASTE HIM--
--NOT TO COME CRYING TO ME ABOUT SHADOWS AND GHOSTS AND
--COFFEY? COFFEY..?
YOU THERE?
DURANT, EDDIE I'M COMING FOR HIM. OR I'M COMING FOR YOU.
YOUR CHOICE.
DURANT'S DEAD, YOU CRAZY--
SKLANG
Uh, EDDIE?
MAYBE WE SHOULD OUGHTTA TAKE THAT LOWELL GUY UP ON HIS OFFER--
MAYBE WE OUGHTTA CALL IN SOME HELP?
EDDIE BLACK DOESN'T SAY A THING. HE JUST TURNS THE AMMO CLIP OVER SLOWLY... THOUGHT-FULLY--
--AND THEN SLAMS IT HOME
SNAK
FORGET IT
EDDIE BLACK DON'T NEED NO-BODY'S HELP!

"GET THE MEN IN PFARRER -- WE'RE GOIN' TO THE MATTRESSES!"
OKAY, GUYS -- WRAP IT UP
WE'RE BRINGIN THIS ONE 'NS.
SATCHEL CHARGE!
FOOM
HE'S HERE - BUT WHERE?
WHO CARES?! JUST GET IN-
-AN' GET THE DOOR SHUT!
MOVE IT!
GET IN HERE!
IN!
IN!
IN!
RUN, MAN, RUN! ONCE THIS THING CLOSES-
-IT AIN'T OPENIN' FOR NOTHIN' OR NO-BODY!

UH!
SLAM
AWRIGHT!
LOCKED OUT, YOU DIRTBAG LOCKED OUT!
NO WAY IS THAT CLOWN GETTIN' IN HERE NOW!
YEAH - AN' IF HE DOES WE --
HEY! THAT LAST GUY -- THE ONE WHO JUST MADE IT IN! WHERE'D HE GO?
ANYONE SEE HIM?
OH, MAN -- LOOK! OH, MAN -- OH, MAN -
WE D.DN'T LOCK HIM OUT
"... WE LOCKED HIM IN -
WIT' HIS
SSSSSSSS

ALL RIGHT, FAN OUT'
I WANT HIM FOUND - AN' I WANT HIM TAKEN OUT'
AND STAY ON YOUR TOES' THIS CLOWN'S TRICKY --
SO BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR ANYTHING'
DARKMAN PROWLS THE WAREHOUSE! THE SHADOWS WELCOME HIM -- ENVELOP HIM AS ONE OF THEIR OWN -
- AND EDDIE BLACK'S MEN FALL LIKE RIPE WHEAT'
YOU SEEN HIM, KARL -- AT THE LOAN OFFICE! WHAT IS HE, A LITTLE GUY?
I DUNNO, RON HE LOOKED PRETTY BIG --!
THEN WHERE'S HE HIDIN'?
WHERE ARE YOU, MAN?
- WHERE ARE YOU?
I DUNNO, RON -
-- MAYBE I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

AAAAAA
WHAT'S THAT?!
IT'S GOLDIN! HE FOUND IM!
HOLD OUT, GUY! WE'RE ON OUR-
-WAY!
HEHEHEHEHEHEHEH
THEIR BRAVADO IS SUDDENLY THICK IN THEIR THROATS, AND THEIR GUNS HEAVY IN THEIR HANDS.
THEY'RE GROWN MEN, ALL OF THEM. THEY KNOW THE WORLD IS A HARD, COLD, REAL PLACE, WITH NO MAGIC IN IT.
BUT DEEP INSIDE EACH OF THEM IS AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BOY--
AN EIGHT YEAR OLD WALKING HOME IN THE DARK, TELLING HIMSELF THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS VAMPIRES
WELL?
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
UH
UH...
TELLING HIMSELF
--AND NOT BELIEVING IT!
DARKMAN LAUGHS AS THEY RUN-- A SHORT, ACID BARK.
THEY'RE SO EASY

EDDIE BLACK'S HANDS MAKE A RAW, SCRAPING NOISE AS HE RUBS THEM TOGETHER. HE'S ALWAYS FOUND THAT A COMFORTING SOUND --
CHECK OUTSIDE, PFARRER. SEE HOW THINGS ARE GOING.
GO OUT THERE?
SO WHY DOESN'T IT COMFORT HIM NOW?
JUST DO IT!
YOU'RE THE BOSS..
BOSS
HIS HANDS WILL PROTECT HIM. WITH THESE HANDS--
WHUD WHUD
KSSH
HE'S NOT SCARED OF ANYBODY OF ANYTHING!
QUICK, EDDIE! BAR THE DOOR! BAR THE DOOR!
HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME!
CITY STORAGE & TRANSPORT EDMUND BLACK PRESIDENT
PFARRER DOESN'T STOP MOVING UNTIL THE DOOR IS SHUT AND BARRED. HIS VOICE IS RAGGED--
--AND HIS BREATH COMES IN SHORT GASPS.
IT WAS... HORRIBLE. EDDIE. HE.. GOT THEM ALL...
MAYBE
MAYBE WE SHOULD GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS...
TELL HIM WHERE DURANT IS HIDING!
WHAT?

YOU'RE HIM! YOU'VE GOT PFARRER'S FACE HIS COAT
-- BUT YOU'RE
BLAM
THAT'S RIGHT, EDDIE.
.. I AM.
Y-YOU DIDN'T EVEN FLINCH'
YOU CAN'T HURT ME, EDDIE.
I'M LONG PAST THAT!
YOU CAN ONLY TELL ME WHERE DURANT IS --
--OR DIE!
DURANT .. S DEAD. YOU.. LUNATIC! HE'S DEAD, I TELL YOU!
WRONG ANSWER! TRY AGAIN'
LOUSY. FREAK...! YOU DON'T SCARE ME!
I'M EDDIE BLACK'
MY HANDS... MY HANDS WILL RIP YOU TO --
SHRAKK

YOU WERE SAYING, EDDIE?
NO
GET BACK
SEE HOW YOU LAUGH AFTER A FULL CLIP OF BULLETS RIPS THAT UGLY MELON OF YOURS --
AH-AH, EDDIE'
I'VE NOTICED YOU CAN ONLY FIRE THOSE THINGS WHILE YOUR FINGERS ARE STRAIGHT'
CAN'T HAVE THAT'
N-NO
P-PUSH Y YOU BACK--'
I'M EDDIE BLACK! NOBODY MESSES WITH ME'
I'LL KILL YOU!
DARKMAN FEELS THE ROLLERCOASTER CRESTING THE HILL WITH ITS SCREAMING, DANCING CARGO
ITS CARGO OF PAIN, OF MADNESS
OF HOT
WET
RAGE
AND THIS TIME, DARKMAN DOESN'T EVEN TRY TO HOLD IT BACK.

THIS TIME, AS IT COMES ROARING THROUGH HIS SKULL --
--FILLING HIS WORLD WITH BLOOD AND LIGHTNING AND HEAT AND NOISE--
CREK
SNAK
--HE WELCOMES IT!
THIS TIME, HE REJOICES IN IT!
SHPACCK
NO! MY -- MY HANDS!
--MY HANDS--
TELL ME, EDDIE.
HE'S DEAD, I SWEAR.
DEAD.
AND THIS TIME, DARKMAN KNOWS EDDIE BLACK IS BROKEN.
THIS TIME HE CANNOT LIE.
THIS TIME--
MY... HANDS...
--DARKMAN BELIEVES.
NO--
PLEASE-- NO--

YOU HAVE TO BE ALIVE, DURANT!
YOU HAVE TO BE ALIVE SO I CAN GET MY REVENGE!
IT'S NOT FAIR--

"--NOT FAIR--"
MURNAU-SPRANG MEDICAL CENTER
INTENSIVE CARE UNIT
AND IN THE BED--
HAVANA CIGARS
--THERE IS NO MOVEMENT -- NO AWARENESS --
--NO SIGN OF LIFE...
...OR IS THERE?
TO BE CONTINUED!

Dark Theatre

By Len Kaminski & Scott Benson

Sam Raimi, director of ***Darkman***, has an uncanny knack for doing something widely considered all but impossible: taking the weariest, most over-exploited film clichés and plot devices known to Man firmly in his devious little hands and *bashing* you over the head with them until you're firmly and sincerely *convinced* that you've never seen them before in your life.

Take ***Evil Dead***, for instance...Raimi's first picture, made with a group of college buddies back in 1978. You got your cabin full of dumb college kids, you got your ominous shadow-haunted woods, you got your tape recorder that spews mystical incantations in a long-dead tongue, and you got your Evil Book full of mysterious, diabolical spells. With all this, you'd expect ***Evil Dead*** to be just another slice-and-dice time-waster where the stupid characters go wandering off in all directions looking for the cat while a Malevolent Force picks' em off one by one, right? Us too. What we *didn't* expect was for all but one of those dumb college kids to be suddenly transformed into demonic zombies, hell-bent on murder. We didn't expect the last surviving human (who up till now has been just as brain-dead and helpless as the rest of the lot) to grab a *chain saw* and start carving hisself some Evil Dead Filet. And we sure didn't expect a rinky-dink low-budget horror quickie to turn out to be (as Stephen King so accurately put it) one of the most "ferociously original" horror films ever made. But it was.

Raimi's second feature, the comedy-thriller, ***Crimewave***, wasn't so lucky. A strange, recombinant mixture of slapstick comedy and gangster-movie standards, ***Crimewave*** was taken out of Raimi's hands by the studio and heavily recut prior to release, resulting in a film that nobody—particularly Raimi himself—was pleased with. Audiences stayed away in record numbers, and Crimewave remains Raimi's least-watched movie to date.

Burned by Hollywood pinheads, Raimi returned to familiar territory with ***Evil Dead II Dead by Dawn***. All the same elements from the first ***Evil Dead*** were there: same cabin; same woods; same book; same plot; even the same *hero* (Bruce Campbell as the resourceful Ash)—but if you were expecting more of the same, you're out of luck, Jack. Okay, so Ash gets his right hand possessed by the evil spirit pervading the house; nothing surprising there, but how about when the Evil Dead Hand starts *bashing dishes* over its owner's head, like some twisted Shemp Howard? How about when Ash *cuts off the hand with a chain saw* and starts chasing it around the house like a maddened Elmer Fudd in pursuit of a disembodied Wabbit's Foot? How about when, having vanquished the monster claw, Ash *welds the chainsaw onto his arm*—and starts takin' down demons like a demented Rambo? There's lots more, but you really ought to see it for yourself. It's two parts H.P. Lovecraft to Three parts Stooges, and we guarantee it's like nothing you ever saw in your young life.

Which brings us, in a roundabout way, to the reason you're reading all of this to begin with: ***Darkman***. Once again Raimi tossed a sackful of overused clichés into his cinematic bag, but the result is like nothing you could possibly anticipate. Depending on how you describe it, ***Darkman*** could have come from any one of a dozen places near and dear to the hearts of pop-culture mavens. It's about a shadowy masked crimefighter, a master of technology, who leads a lonely battle against the forces of evil. (Okay, it's *Batman*.) But, hold on, now...it's also about a horribly disfigured victim of a tragic accident, who hides his deformity from the world while avenging himself on those who wronged him. (I get it. *Phantom of the Opera*.) Wait, wait, wait...it's also about a brilliant but slightly off-center scientist whose visionary invention to improve mankind goes astray, destroying his life and career. (Um...*Frankenstein*, maybe?) We're not done yet; it's also about a guy who goes around disguising himself in improba bly realistic masks of his enemies, using the disguises to foil their schemes. (AHA! *Mission: Impossible!*) See what we mean? In reality, ***Darkman***. is a grand-opera adventure using the best of all of those old chestnuts, filtered through Raimi's loopy, kinetically berserk, rollercoaster sensibility. In an age of overbudgeted, overwrought big-screen bombs attempting to re-create our favorite four-color heroes, ***Darkman*** is the closest thing to a real comic book ever done on screen. So well done, in fact, you'd think Raimi had taken it from a real, existing comic, except there *wasn't* one.

Until now.

Dr. Peyton Westlake has emerged from the shadows to resume his battle against the hairbags of the world. He's back in a place he's never been but always belonged, somehow: between the glossy covers of a comic book. If ***Darkman***, the movie, was at least in part Sam Raimi's love letter to the heroes we all know and adore, then ***Darkman***, the comic book, is our valentine right back atcha, Sam. We hope you get as big a charge out of it as we do every time we sit in the theatre waiting for you to bash us over the head.